

# The Curse of Michael Myers I2005 RemakeI

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Summary: A retelling of the battle between Ranma and Michael Myers!

Also the first spinoff to "Freddy vs. Jason: WAR"! Updated and remade for 2005.

## The Curse of Michael Myers I2005 RemakeI

FOREWORD: Ooh, Hollywood better keep its dirty mitts off of \_Halloween, Friday the 13th, \_and\_ A Nightmare on Elm Street.\_ A remake of these three movie series would be a bad idea, because the originals were too good already. I can't speak for other horror movies, because they're already remaking the whole \_Phantasm\_ series, \_Evil Dead,\_ and I've heard rumors of a possible remake of \_The Exorcist\_ (which I hated, by the way).

Something I think may be noteworthy here, by the way, is that this particular story is not only a remake, but a spinoff of my greatest fic, \_Freddy vs. Jason: WAR\_. For those of you who read that, you should recognize one of the characters at the beginning. Also, even though I remade \_Ranma's Nightmare on Elm Street 1 & 2,\_ those have nothing to do with this fic or \_Freddy vs. Jason: WAR\_.

DISCLAIMER: If you think I own any of these characters, you sicken me. I'm not that original. This fic contains major violence and adult language.

\* \* \*

>The Curse of Michael Myers (2005 Remake)<br> by Chris Vegvary

It was Halloween night. The Tendos had thrown a party to end all parties, to say the least. Many had died that night, and it was still unclear as to why. Just because some psycho in a scary mask decided to show up and start slicing off body parts of those around himâ€|well, that just wasn't a good enough reason. Maybe his mother abused him when he was a kid, maybe his dad never played baseball with himâ€|whatever.



Furious, Akane threw a high kick toward Ranma's face, which he dodged by slightly moving his head to one side. After that came a series of quick punches, each of which he dodged without touching Akane. He executed a flip over Akane's head and landed a few steps behind her.

Panting, out of breath, Akane whirled on him. "Damn it, Ranma, you better fight back or so help me, you're never getting any again!"

"Aw, come on, Akaneâ€¦don't be like that." He looked down at the floor, slightly embarrassed.

Akane saw her opportunity and leaped on him. Ranma caught her in both arms, but was knocked to the ground by the force of her weight. For a moment, they lay there on the floor, staring at each other.

"You sure are cute when you're demasculating," Ranma said, smiling.

"You're ok, too," she replied with a sly smile. They kissed then.

Clearing her throat as she entered, Ranko stood leaning against the far wall of the dojo. "Is this a private party, or can anyone join?"

Ranma and Akane quickly jumped to their feet and brushed themselves off, trying to appear nonchalant. Ranma even began whistling.

Ranko laughed. "Chill out, guys, it's just me."

"What's up, Ranko?" Ranma asked, turning to her. "Where's Ryoga?"

She turned and looked behind her and her expression became one of annoyance. "He was right behind me, but now, who knows?"

"You've been teaching him the property, though, right?" Akane asked.

"Yeah, and he's been doing so good until nowâ€¦"

"Just 'cause he knows his way to your room in the darkâ€¦" Ranma muttered.

"You got a problem with that, Ranma?" Ranko asked, eyebrows raised, hands on her hips.

"Of course notâ€¦it's just that I never thought you two would get togetherâ€¦"

"Look who's talking!"

"And, I mean, he does want to kill me and everythingâ€¦"

"He'll get past it. Anyway, I better go find him. See you later!"

Ranko exited the room and left Ranma and Akane standing there. "Well, I'm gonna go take a bath and help Nabiki prepare for the party," Akane said.

"What party?" Ranma asked, turning to her.

"I swear, you never listen. The Halloween party we're having tomorrow? Remember?"

"Uhâ€¦"

"\_Any\_way, I'll see you at dinner."

They kissed briefly and Akane left the room.

[illegible]

After slipping virtually unnoticed out of Oklahoma City, Michael Myers moved eastward. At first, he had planned on heading back to Haddonfield and take up residence underneath his old house. However, he had an overwhelming urge to keep moving; he felt he could sense a family member. Far to the east of his current position, he felt a magnetic attraction that he could not deny.

The war had taken its toll on him, and he felt the bruises. It was not that he couldn't feel pain, quite the contrary, in fact: he was in constant pain, so what was a little more? But after being basically squashed by a building and fighting off the craziest psychotic killers the world had to offer, he needed to rest. Once he was on the ocean, he would rest all the way to Japan. That was where the magnetic attraction was pulling him.

Once he reached North Carolina, Michael silently boarded a sea vessel headed to Japan. After killing several people aboard whom he felt would be a threat to him, he hid in the lower decks of the ship and slept.

[illegible]

"Nabiki, I wish you wouldn't try to make a profit off of every opportunity that arises," Kasumi said, a worried look on her face.

"Relax, Kasumi," Nabiki said, not taking her eyes off the magazine she sat reading at the kitchen table. "People expect it of me by now. I've got Ranma and Ryoga passing out invitations as we speak. This party is costing us money, and by charging people for entry, we're getting a return on our profits and then some."

"Well, it feels like extortion anyway." Looking away, she quickly changed the subject. "I hope Akane made enough cookies!"

"You let her make the cookies?"

"Yes, but I'm not sure where I set the tray."

Nabiki shuddered and reached for something on the table. Without

looking, she took a bite and began chewing—and moments later, she was gagging, holding a hand over her mouth, and running for the back door. Kasumi watched her go, confused. She looked back at the table and her face brightened considerably.

"Oh, there they are!"

[illegible]

Ranma led the way and Ryoga followed. Every few seconds, Ranma looked over his shoulder to make sure Ryoga was still there.

"I'm not a little kid, you know," Ryoga said angrily as Ranma turned to look at him.

"Well, as soon as you gain a sense of direction, we can stop with these little babysitting sessions. Until then, just shut up and keep walking."

For once, Ryoga shut up. He followed Ranma until they reached the Nekohanten. Ranma turned to Ryoga and gave him a look that said he did not want to go in there, but there was little choice. It would be rude not to invite Shampoo and Mousse.

Ranma pushed the door open enough for him to see inside.  
"Helloâ€¦?"

There was no answer, so he pushed the door further open and walked in, signaling for Ryoga to follow. They stood in front of the entrance, looking around. There was no sign of anyone.

"Hello?" Ryoga asked.

Seconds later, Shampoo came flying out of nowhere and landed on Ranma, her arms wrapped tightly around him from the side.

"Nihao!"

Ranma cried out as he and Shampoo tumbled to the floor. He began to struggle trying to pry her arms off of him. "Urgh...Shampoo, you...know I'm involved with Akane now!"

Loud footsteps could be heard as Mousse flew down the stairs. When he reached the bottom, his expression became one of outrage. "Ranma! How dare you attack Shampoo!"

"Uh, Mousse," Ryoga said from across the room, "you're talking to a door."

Mousse adjusted his glasses and realized that he was, indeed, chastising a door. "So, Ranmaâ€¦disguising yourself as a door now? Is there no limit to how low you will sink?"

"Over here, Mousse," Ranma said, straightening up and brushing himself off. "I think I got her to see the point."

Shampoo stood off to one side pouting, arms folded across her chest. "I not believe you pick her over me. Hmph."

"Look, we just came to deliver some invitations to you guys for a Halloween party tomorrow. Where's the old ghoul?"

"Great Grandmother leave for a couple days. She not be back in time for party."

"Aw, gee&#124;that's too bad," Ranma said sarcastically, handing an invitation to Shampoo. He looked over at Mousse, who was still arguing with the door on the other side of the room, and handed Shampoo another invitation. "If his mental problems get any better by tomorrow, you can bring him, too."

Shampoo smirked and took the invitation. Ranma and Ryoga said goodbye and made their exit.

The rest of their journey to deliver invitations went flawlesslyâ€|well, as flawlessly as it \_could\_ go.

[illegible]

After what seemed like (and just might have been) a week, the ship finally approached a dock. Michael Myers surfaced, standing on the bridge. He looked out over the land, noting the difference in architecture. He knew they had made it to Japan.

He looked down at the body of the captain he had just slaughtered with a fireaxe. The captain had been paranoid and close to utter insanity when Michael had put him out of his misery. It had been caused by the systematic disappearance of every crew member aboard the ship, until only the captain had remained. Once they had docked, Michael did not want any loose ends, so he neatly tied them.

Instead of being found by the first dockhand who wandered onto the ship wondering where everyone was, Michael jumped overboard and swam to land from there, taking the axe with him. Once on land, Michael began walking in the direction his mind told him to.

[illegible]

THE NEXT MORNINGâ€

Ranma sluggishly headed down to the breakfast table after awaking. He stood in the entrance to the kitchen and looked at the others, who were gathered around the table, already eating.

His sister wore a sexy little number, a tiger-striped leotard with knee-high high heel boots, matching gloves, and a set of cat ears to top it off, all of which Ranma tried to erase from his mind.

Ryoga was wearing a brown fedora, a red and green striped sweater that reminded Ranma of Christmas, and a glove on his right hand with plastic knives on the fingertips. Seeing that costume made Ranma feel almost nostalgic somehow, but he didn't know why.

What Kasumi was wearing made him sweat. She wore a tight, sparkling red dress that left little to the imagination, and elbow-length

purple gloves. Her hair hung down sexily in her face over her right eye.

Ranma's eyes then traveled to Akane, and he felt his day getting better already. She was wearing what she called a "furry kitten suit," which was exactly like the one his sister wore except that it was white and had well-placed patches of fur on it.

And, finally, he noticed his father, who had been too cheap to buy a costume; instead, he had just thrown a bucket of cold water on himself and sat there in panda form.

"Good morning, Ranma," Kasumi said cheerfully. "Don't you have a costume?"

"Uhâ€¦" Ranma said, thinking. Hadn't he bought a costume? Apparently not. "â€¦No?"

"I foresaw this little eventuality," Nabiki said, standing up and walking into the other room. She returned with a large plastic bag and presented it to Ranma.

"What 's this?"

"Well, since you did all the grunt work yesterday, I decided to get you a token of appreciation."

"â€¦You mean, you had a little money left over and didn't know what to spend it on?"

"If you want to be direct about it, yeah, basically. Now open it, before I change my mind."

Ranma grinned and pulled out the contents of the bag. He held it up and looked it over before showing it to the others. It was a mask with the face painted all white, topped with frizzy brown hair. "Nice."

Akane and Ryoga clapped and Ranko whistled, and they laughed.

[illegible]

After breakfast, people began to show up. By lunch time, almost half of the people they invited had shown up and the party was getting underway.

Hiroshi and Daisuke were walking down a dark alleyway, a supposed "shortcut" to the Tendo household. It had been Hiroshi's brilliant idea to go this way, and it looked like it was coming to a dead end. Daisuke sighed loudly. He wondered why they were even going to a Halloween party when they didn't have costumes.

"Why do I listen to you?" he asked, annoyed.

" 'Cause your mama didn't teach you any better."

"Shut up."

Daisuke began to walk back the way they had come, but a man was now blocking their way. He was wearing a dark blue jumpsuit and a mask with the face painted white, topped off with frizzy brown hair. In both hands, he was holding a fireaxe.

"Holy shit, that's scary," Daisuke commented as he turned to Hiroshi, who was staring at the man, wide-eyed.

The man took a few steps towards him and Daisuke froze. He was sure this had to be some kind of joke or Halloween prank. He continued thinking that until the man was right in front of him.

"Uhm, trick or treat?"

The man raised the axe back over his head and with a swiping sound, the blade came down on Daisuke's head and split his skull in two. Blood and brains splattered onto Hiroshi's face.

Hiroshi, shocked, hitched in his breath to scream. Michael Myers grabbed him by the neck before he could and slammed him face first into a brick wall, not once, not twice, but seven times. By the seventh time, Hiroshi's head rolled limply from side to side. Even if he was alive (which he wasn't), there would be irreparable brain damage. Michael released him and watched him drop lifelessly to the ground.

Before leaving the alleyway, Michael removed the axe from Daisuke's skull. Without wiping the blood off the blade or anything trivial like that, he headed back to the mouth of the alley.

[illegible]

"Are we there yet?" Azusa moaned.

Mikado groaned. Though the girl was cute, he found himself often tiring of her antics and resorting to insults.

"My dear, stupid girl!—as you can clearly see, we are not there yet."

Her outfit was skimpy; Azusa was dressed in a white leotard, a puffy round tail on her rear. Perched on her head was a pair of bunny ears. Mikado's outfit was not so inventive; he wore a white tuxedo with white gloves, shirt, pants, shoes, and bowtie.

As they walked down the sidewalk, few people were seen. This was not a part of town for trick-or-treating, especially not after nightfall. Just before they passed an alleyway, there was a loud noise coming from within, like someone was chopping wood. Both Mikado and Azusa heard it and looked towards the entrance. They could not see anything, though, as it was pitch-black.

"Mikado, what was that?" Azusa sounded uncharacteristically scared.

Without responding, Mikado stepped between Azusa and the alleyway. He squinted into the darkness as he saw something move.



"I can't see anythingâ€¦"

A moment later, a hand shot out of the darkness and wrapped around Mikado's neck. His eyes bulged and he choked as he tried to speak. Azusa screamed as the next thing she saw was blood as it drenched her face. The axe handle was now protruding from Mikado's back, covered in his blood.

Michael Myers released Mikado's dead body and it crumpled to the ground, revealing to him Azusa. She was shaking badly as she backed slowly away. Michael took two steps toward her and stopped. She was in the street now, and as she turned to run, a tour bus plowed into her at a high rate of speed. Further down the street, the bus's brakes screeched to a halt and screams could be heard.

Michael only watched for a moment before continuing on his way.

[illegible]

The most recent partygoers to arrive, Nabiki noted, were Ukyo, Shampoo, and Mousse. That had been nearly an hour ago. She wondered where Mikado, Azusa, Hiroshi, Daisuke, and the Kunos were and began to worry about the dent their absence could put in her profits.

Instead of going inside and enjoying the party, Nabiki had been sitting outside the front door all day, taking a small fee from everyone who had come. She didn't care about the party, only the money the party was bringing in. But now that the others were running exceptionally late and likely not coming, Nabiki closed her moneybox and stood up. As she turned to go inside, she heard the sound of a twig snapping nearby.

She turned quickly, squinting into the darkness. She heard the sound again and saw someone moving. Whoever it was moved to the side of the house and disappeared.

"You think you can get in without paying, huh?" Nabiki said to herself. "Think again."

Nabiki slowly snuck over to the side of the house and went around. Once she came to the back yard, she looked around. The only light source was dim, a small lamp posted next to the koi pond. Unfortunately, it seemed as though whoever it was had given her the slip.

Before she could consider giving up, she heard another twig snap. This time, she was sure it came from the koi pond area. She walked over there, looking around cautiously.

"Hey, pal, you gotta pay like everyone elseâ€¦"

She suddenly felt two powerful hands on her back giving her a massive shove. With a cry, she flew forward and landed in the koi pond. She surfaced and sputtered, looking up. Before her stood a man in a blue jumpsuit wearingâ€”Ranma's mask?

"Ranma, what the fuck do you think you're doing?" she practically

screamed.

Until now, she hadn't noticed the rather large boulder he had been holding, which he now raised over his head. Nabiki gasped and her eyes widened in shock as Michael Myers brought the giant rock down onto her upturned face.

[illegible]

Akane barely heard the doorbell ringing over the music and chatter of the partygoers, but she made her way through the crowd and opened the front door. She laughed out loud as she saw Tatewaki and Kodachi Kuno. Tatewaki was wearing an American football uniform, complete with shoulder pads and cup. Kodachi was wearing a sexy "Devil's Bitch" outfit.

"We've been standing here ringing the bell for five minutes," Kodachi said impatiently. "Wasn't Nabiki gouging tonight?"

"Yes," Tatewaki agreed. "It is strange that one as vicious and money-hungry as she would not be here to take advantage of us. After all...we're rich."

"Yes, I know that, Kuno," Akane said, still grinning. "No charge, guys, come on in."

"Lovely outfit," Kodachi said sarcastically as she walked past Akane. Tatewaki, however, could not take his eyes off Akane's chest area. She looked at him, disgusted. "Put it away, Kuno."

Meanwhile, Genma sat off to one side, enjoying a drink. He was taking a sip when Soun approached him and sat next to him, smiling. "Genma, my friend, what happened to your 'costume'?"

"Hmm? Oh, it got too hot with all that fur and all these peopleâ€" "

Soun laughed and cleared his throat. "By the way, have you seen Nabiki? She's missing from the front door."

Genma shook his head. "No, I haven't seen her."

"We also seem to have a few kids missing. The same kids that always come to these parties, some of Ranma's friends."

"What do you think, Soun?"

"I don't know. Probably nothing. Let's just wait and see how the night ends."

Genma raised his alcohol-filled glass in a toast to that and chugged it down.

[illegible]

Shampoo had shown up dressed like a scantily clad angel. Having had

several drinks laced with alcohol, and having had lost her halo somewhere, she was now thoroughly shitfaced. She stumbled around drunkenly, smiling and trying to maintain a sexy appearance (which she pulled off nicely). In her drunken stupor, she stumbled right into Mousse and spilled her drink on both of them.

"Whoops!" Shampoo said happily.

"Oh, let me help you with that, Shampoo!" Mousse exclaimed, grabbing a couple of napkins and dabbing at the liquid on her costume. Mousse himself had insisted on not wearing a costume. He dropped to his knees dabbed at the liquid that had spilled on her calf.

Once he realized what he was doing, Mousse jumped back and waited for her to strike, but she didn't. When he opened his eyes, he saw that she was smiling at him in a way which she had never done before.

"Mousseâ€¦you go upstairs with Shampoo?"

"Uhâ€¦uhâ€¦" Mousse couldn't speak.

Shampoo grabbed his hand and led a stammering Mousse upstairs towards the bedrooms. At the first door, she entered and pulled Mousse in after her. She sat down heavily on the bed and Mousse looked around. A breeze rolled through the room, and Mousse's eyes were drawn to the window, which was wide open. He walked over and pulled it down.

"You know what Shampoo want now?"

Mousse broke into a sweat and slowly turned as he first heard the sound of a zipper, then the unmistakable sound of clothing dropping to the floor.

Unnoticed by Mousse, the closet door opened ever so slightly.

[illegible]

As the party raged on around them, Ranko and Ryoga snuck outside together. There was virtually no place in the house at the moment that had enough privacy for what she wanted to do to him, so she led him outside and around the back of the house. There was foreplay on the way, playful such and such. Ranko ran ahead of him, looking back at him in mock terror.

"I'm gonna get you!" Ryoga said, chasing her and pretending to be creepy with his plastic claw.

He finally caught her and she squealed in delight as he turned her to face him and they kissed. After a moment of this, Ranko rested her head on his right shoulder, smiling, eyes closed. When she finally opened them, she screamed loudly.

Ryoga looked where she was looking and he backed away, eyes wide. The koi pond's water was blood red. Floating face-down in there was Nabiki's corpse.

Only moments later, the sound of a window shattering came from above

and two more bodies dropped down to the lawn.

[illegible]

Shampoo immediately began to get dressed. Mousse had only put his boxers back on and sat back, and now he looked at her questioningly.

"What's your hurry?" he asked.

"Don't get wrong idea, Mousse. Shampoo just need a glass of water and not want to go naked."

" Ohâ€¦ ok . "

She smiled at him before she left the room, and he smiled back, even grinning to himself after she left. He had finally done it, and she had been the one to initiate it! And it even appeared that she had enjoyed it, as she was not just blowing him off (no pun) afterwards. He happily awaited her return.

That was when the closet door swung open. Mousse had little time to do anything but jerk his head in that direction as Michael Myers burst forth and grabbed him by the neck and began squeezing with bone-breaking force. Thinking quick, Mousse reached over to a nearby table and grabbed a pen, which he then jammed into Michael's arm. Michael loosened his grip and Mousse was able to roll off the other side of the bed.

Mousse jumped up with a dagger in one hand that had been hidden in the sleeve of his robe. He then leaped over the bed towards Michael, but Michael caught him and threw him towards the closet door. Mousse went right through it, turning the wood to splinters. He struggled to get up and Michael wrapped his arm around Mousse's neck, pulling him up. Mousse pulled at Michael's arm for a moment, then tried to drive the blade into his groin. With his free hand, Michael caught Mousse's dagger and yanked it out of his hand. In one quick movement, he brought the knife up and then drove it as deep as it would go into Mousse's chest. Mousse tensed for a moment, then completely relaxed. Michael rested Mousse's corpse against the window and stepped towards the door, which opened in front of him.

"I back, Mousseâ€| "

Shampoo stopped in her tracks and would've screamed, but Michael grabbed her by her arm, swung her around, and tossed her into Mousse's body, sending them both crashing through the window and to the ground below.

Michael looked down at Mousse's robe on the floor. He bent down and picked up one of the daggers poking out of the sleeve and left the room.

[illegible]

The party continued on as everyone was unaware of the catastrophe that was happening behind the scenes. Kodachi, who had consumed more

than her fair share of alcohol since arriving, was now also smashed. She wandered up to Ukyo, who was dancing in the crowd.

"Hey!" she asked, tapping Ukyo on the shoulder and getting her attention. "Have you seen Ranma-darling?"

Ukyo looked around briefly, still dancing. "Oh yeah, there he is, by the stairs!"

"Thanks!"

She began to make her way through the crowd, watching as Ranma, dressed in his Halloween costume, came down the stairs and also began making his way through the crowd. As he appeared in front of her, Kodachi stopped him with a hand on his chest.

"Ranma, darling!"

At the same time, Ranko and Ryoga ran in through the back door, bug-eyed and scared. They spotted Kodachi talking to Ranma in the crowd and tried to move around all the people. They went for the kitchen, but their way was suddenly blocked by a man in a white mask. They screamed as he confronted them, and he pulled the mask up, revealing it to be Ranma.

"Guys, what the hell's wrong with you?" he asked, seeing the fear on their faces.

"Nabiki's dead, and I'm pretty sure Shampoo and Mousse are, too!" Ranko screamed.

"What? \_What?\_ Is this a joke?"

"No!"

"Wait a second," Ryoga said, "if you're here, who the fuck is \_she\_ talking to?" He pointed at Kodachi.

Ranma's eyes also began to bug out. "Oh my God!" Kodachi!"

Kodachi, still laughing, turned her head and saw Ranma standing in the kitchen entryway with his sister and Ryoga. She became confused, and she vaguely heard the sound of a blade being unsheathed as she turned back toward whomever she was talking to. As soon as she faced him, he quickly swiped the dagger's blade through the air with a swishing sound. The crowd of partygoers noticed the altercation and backed off, gasping, the music dying down.

Wide-eyed, Kodachi made a very small sound and took a step back. Her hands began to travel slowly to her throat, where a thin line of blood appeared. The line became thicker, and the blood ran, and her head tumbled off her body and onto the floor. Her body stood for a moment longer before hitting the floor, twitching madly.

The partygoers began to scream and stampede towards the exits. People piled into each other, each trying to be the first to get out. They pushed past and into Michael, causing him to drop the dagger.

Unfazed, Michael Myers pushed through the oncoming crowd, moving towards Ranma, Ranko, and Ryoga.

"Holy fuck," Ranma whispered as he backed away, pushing Ranko and Ryoga behind him, trying to get them to go. Ranko would not do it, however; if Ranma was going to fight, so was she. Michael was finally within reaching distance.

Michael grabbed Ranma and Ranko by their shirts and pulled them closeâ€¦

and tossed them both aside, moving instead to Ryoga. With his right hand, he grabbed Ryoga by the neck and lifted him up off his feet. With his left hand, he reached over to the counter and grabbed a large butcher knife. He drew it back and was about to strike when Ranma quickly got back up and kicked the back of Michael's leg, making him drop to one knee.

Also moving fast, Ryoga punched Michael in the throat. The knife flew across the room as Michael's hands went to his throat.

Akane appeared at the back entrance when she realized Ranma hadn't been out there amongst the other petrified party guests. She saw the struggle going on and ran to the dagger on the floor near Kodachi's body. She ran to the dagger and picked it up.

"Ranma!" she cried.

Ranma turned to see her tossing the knife to him. He caught it by the handle and prepared to kill the psycho with it. Unfortunately, he left himself wide open and Michael rocked his head back violently, slamming Ranma in the stomach. Ranma doubled over and Michael stood, hitting him in the face with his shoulder.

With a cry, Kasumi appeared out of her hiding place in the kitchen and punched a corkscrew into Michael Myers' upper back. He reached for it, but could not get his hand on it. Kasumi back away and Michael swung around and struck her in the face with his fist, knocking her unconscious.

He turned and again grabbed Ryoga by the neck, and he began to crush his larynx. Ryoga was on the verge of losing consciousness.

Michael heard a loud cry then, and he turned to see Ranko rushing at him. In his rampage, he had lost track of her, and now it was about to cost him. She ran at him and impaled him on a katana, pushing him all the way back until the blade pierced the wall. His hands wrapped around the blade that had gone through him, and blood flowed heavily. He struggled for a few moments as they slowly gathered around him. Finally, his struggles stopped and he went limp.

[illegible]

"And that's about the size of it," Ranma finished. He looked at the time on Detective Hobbs' watch. It had taken him a little over an hour to tell the whole thing.

"That's all you remember?"

"That's everything that happened." He looked over at Hobbs. "What's an American detective doing here in Japan, anyway?"

"I've been tracking this guy for a little while now. When I found out he was here, I took the first plane out. The police force has been very cooperative."

Ranma nodded and looked back at the street.

"I'm sorry this happened to you and your friends, Ranma. It's a tough thing, I know."

"How could you know?" Ranma asked, turning to him.

Hobbs looked away for a second, then looked back. "Because it happened to me, with himâ€|and about eight or nine others \_like\_ him."

"What's the deal with that, anyway? Is that where you got your 'battle scars'?"

"I'll tell you some other time, kid." Hobbs grunted as he stood up and began to walk away.

"Hey, Detective," Ranma called. Hobbs turned. "Why was that guy trying to kill Ryoga, anyway?"

"I don't know. There had to be some thing about him, though. This guy crossed the ocean to get to him."

"Detective!" Hobbs turned as a police officer hurried over to where he was standing. "Detective, you better come right away!"

The policeman turned and ran, Hobbs running closely behind. Ranma, confused, threw the blanket off himself and got up. He ran after Hobbs. They were headed back inside the house.

[illegible]

In the kitchen area, a strip of yellow police tape had been set up across the entrance. The policeman leading Hobbs pulled the tape down and pointed to the katana sticking out of a bloodstained wall. There was no sign of Michael Myers.

Ranma came in behind them, followed by Akane, Ryoga, Ranko, Kuno, Ukyo, and Shampoo. They were very much alarmed at this.

"I want every available unit to be on the lookout," Hobbs said angrily to the policemen at the scene. "MOVE NOW!"

The policemen drew their guns and left the kitchen area in a hurry. Hobbs turned and began to walk out. He stopped and looked at Ryoga, a look that said that they were probably not going to find him, and to be very, very careful from now on, and continued outside.

Ranma looked at Akane, and they looked to Ryoga. Everyone looked at Ryoga, who looked stunned, afraid, and unsure. He wondered if the

manâ€|Michael Myers, his name wasâ€|would come back for him.

THE ENDâ€|?

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>Author's Notes: Yeah, I ended it on a downer. You want some? Anyway, I stayed up all night writing this, and I think it's way better than my original crappy story. Also, as I mentioned before, even though this is a remake, I also integrated into it the first of what I hope will be a series of spinoffs to <em>Freddy vs. Jason: WAR<em>.

This is Detective Hobbs' first official fic after the events of \_Freddy vs. Jason: WAR\_. If you're wondering what the next one may be, wellâ€|\_I\_ don't even know yet, but I've got ideas. Check out my profile soon for an update on what I have written and have yet to write.

End  
file.